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## ODDS AND ENDS.

In the matter of railroad accommodations, we have for many years been in advance of Europe, as all will admit who have been compelled to ride backward in a 5 x 8 compartment from London to Edinburgh, or from Paris to Marseilles, locked up like convicts, with a company not always of the choicest, without help should any of the party be garotters or blackmailers, the comforts and even the decencies of life wholly unprovided for. We go from the Atlantic to the Pacific in roomy Pullman cars tastefully furnished, richly decorated, and as clean as parlors. From steam heaters to ice water, and from spring beds to a porter who blacks our boots, we have everything needful for our comfort. Thrice a day we step forward into a car ahead of us, where we dine in state, taking the various courses from polished porcelain and bright silver, and between bites looking through plate glass windows at the scenery, or dining in the shade of plush curtains if the sun glares unpleasantly. Yet, for all this, people who have never traveled in private cars have something to learn of the real luxury of travel. The most notable journey I ever took was one of some hundreds of miles in the company of a railway magnate. His car contained a parlor, state rooms, dining-room, bath room, smokingroom, kitchen, library, desks, sofas, tables, gas, electric bells, handsome curtains and carpets. ate dinner from a service of blue delft, two centuries old, sipped champagne from engraved glass, and when night came we sat about the parlor table with gas lighted and curtains drawn, some of the party with books and some with

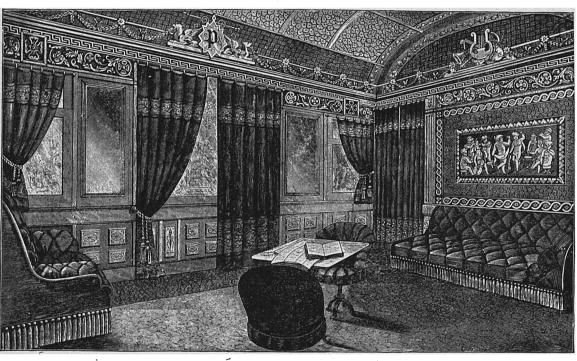
cards, and scarcely heeded the easy swinging of the carefully balanced coach, but for which motion we might have imagined ourselves in a town drawing-room. These palaces on wheels are becoming somewhat common, and a recent example of them built at Troy, N. Y., at an expense of \$40,000, is of general interest. It is the Adelina Patti, and was built for the use of the prima donna whose name it bears, on her tour through this country with the Mapleson Opera Company. The accompanying illustration shows what the builders are pleased to name the salon du voiture de luxe. It is claimed to be the handsomest thing of the kind ever built.  $\mathbf{The}$ decorations are by Theodore Hertwig, the

mural and fresco paintings by Nicholas Rossignoli. The paneling and wainscoting are of amaranth wood, and the roof is ceiled with embossed leather, colored in two shades of gold. A piano, sofa, desk, easy chairs, rich carpets, and portières, and plate glass mirrors add to the elegance of the apartment. Quiet and safety are augmented by strong elastic springs, by a sheathing of paper half an inch thick between the inner and outer wood work, and by firm interior partitions padded and leather paneled. The car is provided with hot and cold water, nickel-plated wash bowls, bath tubs, a water boiler, ice chest, buffet, spirit stove, and wine, silver, and linen closets. Mme. Patti has a private room at one end of the car, and her husband, Signor Nicolini, an equally handsome one at the other, while their servants have independent quarters. Mme. Pat has three windows, a writing desk, a beveled mirror, and a bed upholstered in pale blue dotted with roses. The walls show an alternation of satin wood and of upholstery like that used in the bed, while the ceiling is leather of old gold tint. Nicolini's room is similar, though deeper shades are used in the decorations. It really seems as though the diva might manage to preserve her voice from the results of fatigue of travel while moving about the country in such a vehicle.

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I WONDER if the Brick Church on Fifth avenue knows itself with its new stained glass windows. Whatever be the interior enhancement, a-view of the staid old edifice from the outside impresses one as rather a serious joke. The rigid architectural lines and severe neo-classic front do not call very loudly for this kind of ornamentation.

It was very good as it was: a quiet, respectable, orthodox establishment, but now that it has been seized with the Fifth avenue fever for stained glass, it reminds one of an old beau in a youthful wig and a spring suit. Buildings like the Brick Church do not lend themselves readily to decoration that harmonizes only with architectural splendor. Stained glass "goes with" cathedrals, Gothic chapels, and the like, and in Queen Anne and Eastlake houses a moderate use of it is fitting, though just now it is used too plentifully to be used tastefully in every case. The crazyquilt designs to be found in front of door lights, transoms, and upper panes of windows, often resemble mere impromptus, neither natural nor conventional, and aim to arouse wonder rather than admiration. American stained glass-though something like it was made in France before it was patented here,-is, comparatively, a new and untried thing in art, and its workers are virtually engaged in discovering its possibilities and its limitations, just as doctors experiment on charity patients with new remedies. Its veins and mottlings, its jewelry, its blending with onyx, jasper, agate, chalcedony, Mexican onyx, and carnelian, sawed into thin translucent plates; its shading, its new tints and effects are in unskilled hands productive of poor results, just as in able hands it is productive of fine results. Our cathedrals and college halls boast some excellent specimens of stained glass-not all of American manufacture, to be sure—and some wealthy people are essaying to out-do the cathedrals in their houses. La Farge, De Forrest, Egleston, Church, Yewell, Vedder and Tiffany have made designs of late that compare favorably with those to be found in the great European cathedrals and royal chapels. In some



INTERIOR OF CAR BUILT FOR MME. ADELINA PATTI.

respects their work is capable of amendment. They use too much cold blue, and they are inclined to lead too closely. A square inch of glass supported by two square inches of lead is necessarily isolated, in a measure, from correlated portions of the window, and it would be a gain in breadth and brilliancy if small details were occasionally sacrificed. Painting and decoration have undergone a broadening influence, and why not stained glass work? If some way can be found of staining or coloring glass in several shades of a single tint, beautiful effects can be secured, and the work of window making greatly facilitated. For instance, in the Bartholdi Loan Exhibition in New York, appeared a number of examples of American stained glass, in one of which figured an egg plant, with its large purple that it might passed for painting. This shading was produced without paint or enamel, however, and was brought about by using a single sheet of purple glass of unequal thickness. Light passed readily through the thinner portions, representing the high lights, but penetrated the thicker parts less readily, and the effect of shadow gradation was carried almost to the point of darkness. This is better than to secure deep tints by overlaying one piece of glass with another of the same color, for, in such a case, the transition is too abrupt, and in our extremes of heat and cold, it is not improbable that the outer pieces would shell away from the window after a lapse of a few years. Our stained glass is the most peculiarly American thing our artists have yet produced, and the artists of older nations will do wisely to look to their laurels.

CLOCKS and other instruments of necessity and convenience have long been a puzzle to make artistically presentable, but the difficulties attending their formation into shapes pleasing to the eye are being gradually overcome. I saw a clock the other day with a face not geometrically proportioned, but forming an inaccurate oval, and as its case was a handsome piece of workmanship in bronze, it was a pleasure to look at it. Those perfectly circular clock faces are dreadfully expressionless. The Japanese make a clock that is a little ahead of ours in respect of form, for while the face is round, a loop in its rim for the insertion of each figure gives the circle an escalloped edge and makes it resemble a conventionalized flower pattern. In thermometers more particularly, there are excellent examples of decor ative treatment, though there is not always an especial appropriateness in the designs. Artistic little copies of Trajan's column, the Column Vendome, the July Column, sundry Egyptian obelisks, and the like, in marble and bronze, form strong and durable stands for thermometers. Then, for a library, there is a clever device which represents the thermometer as constituting the handle of a quill pen. Still another form is that of a Turkish cimetar, with chased and gilded handle, and a thermometer extending along its silver blade. It may be hung by a crimson cord against a panel covered with crimson plush, and it constitutes a decorative bit worthy to hang on almost any wall. In lamps, the variety and beauty of design is surprising. There was a time when lamps were as ungainly as coal hods, but the colors and shapes that the family lamp has recently taken on in faience, porcelain, glass, marble, silver, hammered brass, bronze, and stones

of secondary preciousness, are almost as satisfactory to behold as vases and pictures. I am glad also to see candles restored, that we may once more enjoy the pure, refined light that comes from groups of them in sconces and candelabra, and which is especially soft and devoid of the dazzle of gas when distributed over a well-laid dinner table. Candles and flowers ought to make even a dinner of herbs attractive.

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SMOKING-ROOMS are becoming common and are often very pleasant lounging places for the men of the house and their callers and guests. They are there at liberty to talk about stocks, politics, horses, and the ballet, while the ladies

in the parlor are telling about their clothes. A smoking-room should be aired often enough to remove the odor of stale tobacco smoke, a coarse, vile odor that makes the handsomest apartment suggest something of the tenement. It is because draperies and carpets receive and retain the odor of tobacco smoke with singular pertinacity that such a room should be provided with a bare, polished floor, on which nothing should be laid other than a possible rug or skin. The windows should be uncurtained, but their lower halves might be formed of stained glass, unless they overlooked an attractive view, which is always better than stained glass. Mural decoration and frescoing have plenty of opportunity to be seen in a place like this. I have seen a smoking and a music room very happily combined. A smokinghould have no draperies, and a music room must have none, as sounds are softened and even stifled by carpets and curtains and tapestries. If smoking is not carried on so frequently as to be offensive, there would be little objection to placing the piano in such an apartment. An appropriate bit of decoration for a smoking-room would be a bamboo frame or rack, containing pipes of various nations; the long-stemmed German pipe with painted porcelain bowl; one or two English "church-wardens;" the much decorated Turkish pipe, and, perhaps, a nargileh upon a separate bracket; an Indian pipe with bowl of carved red stone and gaudy stem, the clumsy opium-smoking apparatus with its ridiculous bowl and unwieldy stem; the pretty Chinese tobacco pipes with steel and silver bowls; the tinseled, bric-a-brac pipe of the Persian, and perhaps the unpretending "corn cob."